A Striking Illustration of an Apparent Fact.

President Arthur furnishes a somewhat striking illustration of a fact which has long been apparent to thoughtful observers of National affairs: that the best office in the Government is gradually losing the peculiar prestige and power which once attached to it, and that no very large amount of brains is required to discharge reasonably well the duties pertaining thereto. Even among his warmest friends he has never been considered a man of first-rate ability, and in general opinion he does not stand above what may be called good second rate. There is not a State in the Union that could not produce at short notice an abler man; perhaps several abler men. He is a "smart" and successful politician, though much of his success is attributable to luck rather than to skill, and he has that easy, courteous and dignified manner which covers a multitude of deficiencies and wins the esteem and praise of those who do not inquire whether this thin veneering of society hides a large or little mind. Yet, with such limited stock in trade, he has so far got along not badly, and if not popular is certainly not very unpopular. He is making what is termed "a respectable President;" that is one who does nothing, on the whole, to provoke either admiration or severe condemnation, and whom the country regards with a sort of good-natured indifference. It is doubtful whether Garfield, superior as he was in many respects, would have done much if any better; certainly he would have had a harder road to travel, and been more sharply "sized" than has his successor. But be this as it may, there is no risk in asserting that a man of Arthur's caliber could not have filled the executive chair in the early years of the Republic as satisfactorily as he has done. Though the functions of the office remain unchanged, other changes have occurred which render it much less difficult than formerly to perform these functions. From 1789 to 1837 we had seven Presidents—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Jackson—all of them exceptionally able men, and three at least who would have been great in any country or in any age. Yet the abilities of these seven Presidents were taxed to the utmost, and none of them glided along as smoothly as does the amiable specimen of mediocrity who now occupies the White House. If we can imagine Arthur where he is at any time between 1789 and 1837, we may realize the difference between Presidential qualifications then and now: a difference created by the changed situation, which demands and expects less of a President. To-day the Nation feels safe under a Chief Magistrate whom fifty years ago it would have deemed utterly unfit for the place. In other words, the Presidential standard has been materially lowered, while the Presidency itself continues, and will continue, to be the highest object of political ambition.

At first glance this change would seem to be unfortunate and dangerous, but more careful view shows it quite the reverse. It is because the people have steadily improved in the art of self-government that less is required of their President. Once they needed Washingtons, Jeffersons and Jacksons; now an Arthur will serve their purpose. They no longer look to the President for instruction and guidance in political affairs; they have instructed themselves and are competent to guide themselves. Fifty years ago a President's message was a document of great importance, read at every hreside in the land and discussed by all classes of citizens. Who, outside of Congress and newspaper offices, reads and discusses a President's message now? How much public interest is felt in the opinions it expresses or the recommendations it makes—and how much influence does it have upon anybody or anything? The people have come to look upon it as simply a matter of form; a report of no particular consequence from their head servant about business, the essential features of which they are as familiar with as he is. In short, the President now follows where once he led. He is only head servant of masters who understand their own business thoroughly and intend to manage it to suit themselves; not the revered counsellor and leader of the olden time. With the growth of popular intelligence and self-confidence in matters of government the ship of state steers more easily than in former days and may be trusted to a less experienced helmsman. A Washington at the wheel was once barely sufficient to avert disaster; but now the old ship sails on unvexed under a pilot whom Washington would not have had as a private Secretary. The power and prestige the Presidency has lost has been gained by the people and will never depart from them. No President will ever again hold the high and controlling position which was held by the first seven Presidents, and it is not desirable that he should. Presidential government was necessary in its day, but its day has long since passed, and the better government of the people is now firmly established and never likely to be supplanted while popular liberty endures.—*St. Louis Republican.*

About Polk and Vincent.

The recent depredations of State-Treasurers Polk and Vincent have given the Radical mouthpieces a welcome opportunity to vent their spleen and practice their calumny upon the Democratic party at large and the South especially. So bankrupt of an issue and so bereft of sense are those wretched organs that they seize upon a passing shadow in the impossible attempt to squeeze some party capital out of it. Were they as truthful as they are rancorous, they would confess to the honest administration of the Southern States since the involuntary departure of the last carpet-bagger in 1877. The South has not been so prosperous and contented since the close of the war as at present, thanks to the economical and efficient self-government it enjoys. That after a lapse of six years of uniform probity there should be found two men unworthy of the imposed trust may be very unfortunate, but only a lunatic or a knave will lay the blame therefor upon a party which neither encouraged nor abetted the crime. In the Radical fold it has been the approved practice to steal as a whole and to maintain the party for the express purpose of wholesale pillage and plunder. Take the spoils from the Republican party this moment and in the next it will cease to exist. But in the case of Polk or Vincent there is no conspiracy evident, no organized ring, no banded rascality, no immunity from the law, no perjured Courts or jurors, and no high pardoning powers to depend on in the last instance. It is the crime of an individual against whom the law of the country will take its proper course. If the Radical shouters will but note the fact that the authorities of Tennessee have apprehended one of the offenders, and that the Governor of Alabama has offered a reward of $5,000 for the capture of the other, they may perhaps be able to detect a slight difference between Republican and Democratic practice, and arrive at a conclusion just contrary to what they intended. They should be careful in future when they crow, if unpleasant comparison would be avoided.—*Omaha Herald.*

The Place for Reform.

Some of our friends are disturbed by our disclosures of the monstrous enormities in the consolidation of power in the hands of the President. But we say, that there should be no disguises in matters of moment deeply affecting the most sacred rights of the people. That the President has become a monarch of vast powers has been proven, is undeniable. It is said, however, that the people have become habituated to this one-man power—this monarchy; and that reform in this regard is impracticable. Never despair of the Republic is our motto. The people are right, and will set things right when they have a chance.

But remember, Washington is not the place for reforms to start. The Capital flourishes best on high salaries, exalted honors, and princely emoluments. Here everything is under the surveillance of power. Reforms must start among the people in the States. They are our masters yet, though they may be so but a few years to come. Let the good and true men in the States take counsel together, communicate with each other in the different State Legislatures, and start the ball among the people. It will roll when once fairly started.

It is argued, that the literature of the country, the school-books, and early training of the people are in favor of this monarchy. Not so, the training of the people has been in favor of republican government. The war of the Revolution was fought against monarchy. The people are against it. The literature of the country and early training of the people have been against it. The people have not been aware—have not as yet realized the fact that a dangerous and overshadowing monarch has been growing up here to destroy the States and enslave the people. When they come to a due sense of this, popular commotions will wake up the country like the shock of an earthquake. Our people are in favor of a free Government. And they believe that free government is a government of the people—a democratic representative republic. And when they find out that the President has become a monarch of vast powers, they will depose him, and make the Executive branch of the Government representative as well as the legislative and judicial.

The vital principle of a republic is that of representation. And as a single ruler, although elective by the people, is actually a monarch, he is as certain to become a despot as ambition and cupidity are certain to reign in the human heart. The people should be represented in the Executive branch as well as in the legislative and judicial. Representation by an Executive Council of three, five, seven or nine, taken from distinct and different sections of the country, would be sufficient. This would liberalize our Government, make it republican in form, and do away with kitchen cabinets, rings, bosses and irresponsible cabals "behind the throne, greater than the throne itself." The members of the Executive Council should be co-ordinates—equal in authority, and decide all questions by a vote of a majority, of which a public record should be kept.

The argument of the monarchist is, that one man must govern *ex necessitate*. Two or more would differ—would quarrel, and would never agree about anything. Therefore the world must ever be governed by the one-man power. If this were true, then the legislative branch, and also the judicial branch, should be governed by one man. The principle is the same in either case. If a difference of opinion can be readily settled by a vote of the majority in the one branch, it can be equally so in either of the others. Congress has its differences, and sometimes boisterous wrangles, but readily settles all questions by a vote under their rules. The Judges of the Supreme Court have their differences of opinion, but, after consultation, settle them all with dignity and decorum by a vote of the majority. And to say that an Executive Council could not do the same would be absurd and fallacious. The history of the world is against the argument of the monarchists. All the republics of the ancient world had plural executives. Athens had ten archons, and Rome two consuls to administer the executive power. And Switzerland, the model republic of the modern world, has a chief Executive Council of seven, which has successfully administered their executive power for over five hundred and seventy years. The executive power in Great Britain has been in reality administered, and most efficiently, by the Cabinet ministry, composed of twelve members. This has been most especially the case under Queen Victoria.

The change can be easily made here by an amendment of the Constitution, striking out the second article creating the Presidency, and substituting the heads of the seven executive Departments, making an Executive Council of seven, to be elected by the people. But there may be other and better forms of doing it. We do not propose any change, but simply suggest its practicability. We cannot possibly have any personal interest in this matter. A view to the public safety, and welfare alone dictates our course. The change could not be made till after the next Presidential election at all events. Our duty is performed in an exposition of the enormities and dangers of the consolidation of power in the hands of a single President, as things now stand. With our present bloated monarchy reforms are impracticable, and the whole fabric will sooner or later topple down under the weight of its own corruptions, involving the country in a civil war, unless the change commences at the head.—*American Register.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The test of the equableness of texture of Indian ink is by the best artists made by rubbing the stick against the teeth.

—Honey, after it is clarified, Herr E. Myhus has discovered, can be kept from fermenting or losing its flavor by adding to it about one per cent. of formic acid.

—A soap mine has been discovered in California. The substance is a deposit of white earth, free from grit, and impregnated with a small percentage of potash. It is easily sliced into bars, and, for cleaning purposes, is a fair substitute for manufactured soap.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A novel railway wagon has been invented and patented in Europe. It is an amphibious sort of a thing. When it ceases to run on rails on land it is capable of swimming on the water by means of pontoons attached to both sides. It is provided with a bow and stern pieces before being set afloat, and on the latter the motor is placed.

—In Switzerland, a course of instruction in raising vegetables has recently been established. Under the direction of a gardener, the pupils perform in the spring all the labors needed in a kitchen-garden. In August, they assemble to see the result of their labors. Raising garden-sauce is becoming a common accomplishment with lovely Swiss maidens.

—The Philadelphia school-boys who embarked in silk-culture two years ago have enlarged their cocoonery in the city to accommodate eight thousand worms, with a branch at Swedesboro, N. J., for the cultivation of mulberry trees. They have invented a machine for winding the silk from the cocoons which they have been exhibiting at public fairs.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—For warming conservatories, the London *Ironmonger* says that petroleum stoves have superseded the old portable stove to burn a prepared fuel made of charcoal, without a chimney. Numerous efficient devices are there in use for warming by hot water or steam by the use of gas or petroleum as fuel. Some of these are simple, portable, and comparatively inexpensive to run.

—The fish torpedo, which can do everything but speak, will be cast into the shade by the mole torpedo, an engine of war just patented by an officer in the Austrian army. The new invention claims to be a miner of the most formidable description, which can burrow in the earth or under a wall, and then either explode at once or wait until ordered to do so by its master.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—There has been a striking example of man's ingenuity in England. Several years ago salt deposits were found near Middlesborough at a depth of 1,200 feet, but all efforts to make it an industrial success failed until recently, when wells were sunk, and in them two tubes are placed, one within the other, so that an angular space is left between them. Into the circular space water is poured, which dissolves the salt, and the brine thus formed and subsequently pumped out yields about one hundred and sixty tons of salt a week when evaporated.

PITH AND POINT.

—Since the recent hotel fires, the landlords find themselves, like the feeble-minded class, a little empty in the upper stories.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A certain Cuban dentist wears a dressing gown that came from New Haven. Here we have a live illustration of an Havana filler with a Connecticut wrapper.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—"You can't get ahead of me," said a stupid mean man to a doctor. "I wouldn't care to," retorted the physician, "for I don't like cabbage."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—A new cashier in a Pittsburgh bank is Mr. Drum. It does not follow that he has two heads, but that confidence men will find him hard to "beat."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.* It may be hoped that he will not prove a snare Drum.—*Detroit Post.*

—A philosopher says, "Live your life in such a way as to show a contempt for wealth." That's "us!" We want our daily life so intermingled with wealth, as it were, that familiarity will breed contempt.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Express.*

—Answers to correspondents—Lilly M. S., "Would you be so kind as to give me a receipt for a baked plum pudding?" Certainly, Lilly, certainly. Send on your baked plum pudding, and we'll send you a receipt for it by return mail. Could you send a three-cent stamp to cover postage?—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Willyim, my son," says an economical mother to her son, "for mercy's sake don't keep on tramping up and down the floor in that manner—you'll wear out your new boots. (He sits down.) There you go—sitting down! Now, you'll wear out your new trousers! I declare, I never see such a boy!"—*Chicago Herald.*

—"What d'ye leave that door wide open for?" exclaimed the gentleman in the office to the intruding peddler. "Oi thought, surr," was the quick reply, "that ye moight want to kick me down stairs, and Oi wanted to make it convanient for ye, surr." The gentleman was so taken aback that he bought two apples for five cents, passing off a bad quarter in the transaction.—*Boston Post.*

—Young Podgers struck up an acquaintance with a nice girl on the State road the other day, and he promised himself a whole salvo of kisses when they should enter the Hoosac Mountain. What was his disappointment when the brakeman came through and lighted the car lamps before reaching the bore! Podgers says the tunnel is a blankety-blank humbug, and the sooner it is filled up the better! The idea! he says, of squandering millions on such a mean fraud as that!—*Boston Herald.*

—When you have a male bore, who hangs to you tighter than a nickname, how blessed it is to see a lady come in! Ninety-nine bores out of a hundred—and only a kick will meet the case of the hundredth—will get up and go when a lady enters. Blessings therefore descend upon her head! Woman is indeed the best friend of man. But—horrid thought!—how in Heaven's name is a fellow to get rid of the woman, if she happen to be—and sometimes she is—an unconscionably worse bore than the male bore she unseated?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

How the Princess Louise Looked and Smoked.

After the special train had been transferred to the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, a *Courier-Journal* reporter once more boarded it, bound to see the royal party if such a thing were possible. All the way up to Lagrange they kept themselves shut up in the special car, but at last an opportunity presented itself.

Dinner was announced shortly after leaving the Cincinnati Junction, and the vice regal party, evidently in the best of spirits, sat down to the table in the following order: On one side sat the Princess Louise, in the center, with Colonel DeWinton to her right and the Hon. Mr. Bagot to her left. Next to Colonel DeWinton sat Colonel Tourtelletto, and next to Aide-de-camp Bagot his brother, Lieutenant Bagot, facing Her Royal Highness. On the opposite side of the table was her husband, the Marquis of Lorne; to his right sat Miss Hervey, and to his left, Miss McNeil. Dr. Burnett was seated next to Miss Hervey. The party appeared to be absolutely on the same footing, and entirely under the sway of that peculiar charm which will possess old traveling companions. Talk and laughter were general, and the Princess seemed the jolliest of the lot. The meal lasted over two hours, and at its conclusion smoking became general. Instead of withdrawing, the ladies remained to join in the after-dinner chat. A package of cigarettes was placed before the Princess Louise, and with that ease that comes from practice, she lit one, and puffed as even a volume of smoke from her sweet lips as ever came from the mouth of a Spanish student. She smoked cigarette after cigarette, and talked and laughed like a young school girl on a lark.

The Princess is remarkably beautiful, her countenance glowing in every feature with the stamp of royalty. She resembles strikingly the pictures of Queen Victoria in her early womanhood. She has the Prince Albert nose and eyes, however. Her skin glows with changing tints of pinky whiteness, and when she laughs the whole face becomes suffused with a healthful bloom, and the large eyes sparkle with bewitching mirthfulness. Her eyes are slightly darker than hazel and match her hair, which appeared to be abundant. At the back it was thrown into soft entwining braids and gathered into a net, while from the crown of the head it fell in loose puffs on to her white, queenly face. A dark brown satin bow served the purpose of a diadem. Her mouth is small and the lips a dark carmine, and a dimpled chin adds to the already abundant charms of her face.

She wore a plainly-made, black empress-cloth dress, with a somewhat travel-worn white ruche about the neck. Around this was a dark, narrow, satin ribbon, joined together at the front with a bar of gold, in which were stuck three white pearls, the size of what the boys call a "pee-wee white alley." In each ear was a pearl matching those in the pin. Her hands are unusually large for a woman of her size. She is about the same build as Mary Anderson, and quite as statuesque. On the third finger of her left hand she wore a cluster diamond ring. When the *Courier-Journal* reporter withdrew his gaze from this daughter of a Queen-Empress she was holding a cigarette in this diamond hand, while with the other she reached across the table to fill her husband's glass with Scotch ale.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"A Darter Uv My Own."

Sam Kimper was a ferryman on a Western river, who, although addicted to drinking, was a good, straightforward fellow, always courteous and correct in his dealings. One night as he was "poling" a man and a woman in a buggy across the river he heard her say: "What will my father think?" Further talk ensued, during which he recognized the voice of a doctor's daughter living a few miles down stream. He did not like the man's voice, and was confirmed in his prejudice when the fellow began talking about going to Cincinnati and not letting her father know of their movements for a week. The girl began crying and the fellow answered roughly. She begged him to take her back home. "Take you back home," said he in a rough laugh. "Let a bird out of a cage after you have fairly caught it? Oh, no! I love you too well for that." By this time the boat was nearly across the river; and Sam said to the stranger: "Mister, the current's pooty swift to-day; there's a right smart freshet on. Reckon I'll have to ask you to make the lines fast ashore while I hold the boat agin the bank." The man got out and stood at the bow of the boat. Sam poled it against the bank with such violence that over went the man onto the shore. Sam let the boat drift away, and turning to the girl, amidst the howls and curses of the man in the water, said: "Reckon ye don't want him no more, do ye?" "No, no!" she exclaimed. The girl being in doubt about her ability to drive home, even after she had reached the other shore, Sam let his boat go down the stream. "What are you going to do?" asked the girl. "Boat ye down to the steamboat landin' for your town." "That will be a dreadful lot of work all for a silly girl." "I've got a darter uv my own," said he. Pretty soon he stopped poling, and the girl said he must be very tired. "Not a bit of it," said Sam. "I'm slowin' up so's to reach there about dusk." "Just what I wanted to ask you to do." "Thought so," said Sam. "I've got a darter uv my own." Everything was favorable, and no one saw the carriage drive off the boat. The girl promised that her father would pay Sam handsomely. "I don't want the money," said Sam. "I've got a darter uv my own. There's one thing I do want," said Sam; "if doctors don't know good stuff from bad, nobody does, an' if he could send me a good solid drink o' somethin', seein' 'twill take me two or three hours to pole the boat back." The promise was readily given, and in a few minutes down came the doctor with a bottle of brandy and two men to pole the boat back; but Sam said the brandy would be more useful as well as better company. The doctor wanted to know how he could repay him and Sam answered: "You can repay me in kind, ef ye ever get a chance. I've got a darter uv my own, ye know."—*N. Y. Hour.*

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE MASTER QUIG.

This tale's of little Master Quig,
Who, being little, wasn't big;
And many said, who understood,
That, being bad, he wasn't good.
When from his school he ran away,
Most people thought he didn't stay:
And I have heard, from those who know,
When he ran fast, it wasn't slow.
He always studied when compelled,
And always staid when he was held,
And always slept when not awake,
And left the thing he could not take.
To go to sea one day he planned,
And being there, was not on land;
And so stuck on a bar—alas!
For, being stuck, he could not pass.
The dark night found him in a fright,
For, being dark, it was not light.
The big waves rose and filled the boat,
And being full, it could not float.
And so, as I have heard it said,
They found him in the morning dead.
And men of sense do still maintain
He never more was seen again.

—*Mary A. Barr.*

THE SNOW-BALL JURY.

"Boys! boys! Come on! Here's some fun!"

"What's a-going? What is it?"

The shouts were excited and long-drawn, and so was the answer:

"The girls are pelting Bill Henderson 'cause he sassed the school-ma'am. Come o o-on."

They were coming, for school had not been out three minutes, and none of them had gone far from it. There had been trouble in the little schoolhouse of late, and Bill Henderson had been at the bottom of a good deal of it.

It was not altogether because he was so very bad a boy, but he felt it a little hard to be as big as he was, and to be lullied for his blunders by so very small a woman as the school trustees had chosen for a teacher that winter. It might have been different if there had been any boy a little taller to set him a good example, but all the tall boys were attending school at the Academy. Thus Bill was left to settle the difficulties in his own way, and he had not yet been able to settle them at all, for little Miss Varick refused to have mercy on his mistakes of any kind. What made it worse was that she told him, three or four times a day, that she was his best friend, and wanted to help make a man of him.

Bill could have stood a great many things better than he could that, for he felt that he was quite near enough to being a man to be sent to the Academy.

There were other boys in the District School, but none of them were large enough to interfere much with Bill, and he had his own way a good deal in any out-of-door matters. There were not even any large girls, but there was a perfect swarm of small ones, and Miss Varick had somehow persuaded them all that she had come among them as a sort of guardian angel.

That was why there was such a sudden silence along the lower benches, and such a buzz after it that afternoon, when Bill Henderson roundly declared:

"I won't spell it again!"

"You won't, William? Did you say 'I won't'? Spell it again, sir."

"I won't. I don't mean to let any woman boss me."

"Spell it, sir!"

Bill held down his head sullkily, but he did not open his lips again in reply to Miss Varick's further remarks, of which there were many, except at the end of them, when he again blurted out:

"I won't be kept after schoo', neither—not by any woman."

He had not been looking at the rows of little faces on those benches, and if he had it would not have occurred to him how many little women were sitting there, not one of them comparing in point of size with even little Miss Varick.

Particularly he had failed to see the look of wrath in the black eyes of Polly Burbank, and he had no notion of what made her buzz around so among the other girls the moment Miss Varick struck the small brass tea-bell on her desk, and said:

"School is dismissed. I will see William Henderson about this half an hour before school opens to-morrow morning."

There was a sound of something to come in the clear tones of the school-ma'am's voice, and Bill's head was still hanging a little when he slouched out of the door, and began to trudge along the road toward home.

"Now, girls, let's pelt him."

It was Polly Burbank's shrill treble that he heard saying that, and she had a snow-ball ready-made to show what she meant. It was not a very big or hard one, but it hit him just under the left ear, and Kate Sullivan followed it with another that went into his neck. At any other time he might have set to work and snow-balled back again, but he knew somehow that Miss Varick was watching the fun from the window, and that she heard Polly Burbank shout again: "Pelt him girls. He said she was nothing but a woman."

That was the crime he had committed, and he felt meaner and meaner about it with every small globe of packed snow that hit him.

"Pelt him, Polly! Pelt him, girls! We'll stand by you."

Bill hardly cared what boy it was that said that; but he knew they were coming back, and following along to see fair play, and that they would all be against him if he dared rebel too savagely against his small tormentors. They grew worse and worse as he walked faster and faster, and he was thinking whether or not it would pay to run, when who should drive along but Mrs. Dillaway, the minister's wife, in her old red cutter, with old Miss Burns beside her.

"Girls! girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Dillaway, "what are you all about?"

"Yes," said Miss Burns, "what on yearth are they up to?"

"Pelting Bill Henderson," shouted Polly Burbank, "because he sassed the school-ma'am. Said he wouldn't mind a woman."

"He did, did he?"

"He wouldn't, would he?"

Bill lifted his head, and was just about to say something, when a small girl with very red hair threw a big ball of half packed snow with so good an aim that his mouth was too full of it for a word to come out.

"Drive on, Mrs. Dillaway," said Miss Burns. "Let 'em make an awful example of him. It's high time such talk was put an end to. Nothing but a woman! I declare!"

If Bill had run just then, it would have looked as if he were trying to catch a ride on that very cutter, and that he could not bear the thought of that. He walked as fast as he knew how, but so did all the other boys, and by common consent not one of them threw so much as an ounce of snow at him. They left all that to the girls: but they could not help packing a few first-rate snow balls, and handing them around, like so many ready-made cartridges in time of war.

Polly Burbank was everywhere, all around her victim, and so was Kate Sullivan, and so was the little girl with the very red hair; but some of the others were beginning to get tired, and drop off toward their own homes, when Bill drew near the gate of his father's house. He had been walking somewhat more slowly for the last few rods, and had looked up now and then as if he wanted to know if there was any one in that front yard.

The girls had done the same, but there had been no one visible until just as Bill reached the gate, and Polly shouted:

"Give him one more pelt, girls!"

She was barely ten years old herself, but the tall, Roman-nosed woman who came suddenly out on the doorstep was four times that at least, and the youngest of the three shorter ladies who followed her was nearly twenty.

"What does it all mean? William, my son, what's the matter?"

William had no answer in a good shape to give, but there were four or five eager voices quite ready to explain the matter, and then he almost wished he had gone in the opposite direction when he left the school house. His mother and his two aunts and his sister—not one of them but took the words right out of Polly Burbank's mouth, and said them all over, with a good many more like them.

"Pelted home from school by all the girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Henderson at last, with a very red face. "Come right in here, William. I'm a woman myself. We'll see about this. Go home, girls, all of you."

"Mother," said his sister, "we'd all better go to the school-house with William to-morrow morning."

"Of course we will," said both his aunts in a breath; but they could hear Polly Burbank say to little Kate Henderson:

"Did you hear that? Guess he'd rather be pelted, don't you?"

"Guess he would; but we've done all we could for him."

So they had, and that was the last rebellion of the kind that took place during all the time Miss Varick taught in that district.—*William O. Stoddard, in Harper's Young People.*

A Bad Habit.

Little Mattie was always getting into mischief because she would not heed what older and wiser people told her. She always wanted to see for herself if things were just as they were said to be.

One day she told her sister Amy, who was much younger, that she was going to get some honey out of the bee-hives.

"The bees will sting you," said Amy.

"I am going to see if they will," said Mattie; and she ran to the hive and overturned it.

Out swarmed the bees in great numbers. They were very angry at being disturbed, and lighted on Mattie's face, neck and hands, stinging her so badly that she fell to the ground screaming with pain.

The cook ran out of the kitchen and picked her up. She was sick in bed for several days, and you may be sure she never went near the bee-hives again.

But she was not cured of meddling. One day she leaned over the well-curb to see how deep the well was.

"Take care! you'll fall in," said Amy.

"No, I won't fall in," said Mattie, but just as she spoke, over she went.

The well was not very deep, and Mattie did not get hurt at all: but she had time to get very wet and to cry almost a teacupful of tears before her papa came and drew her up in the well-bucket. She caught cold, too, and had to stay in the house for a week, and take very bitter medicine.

But she was just as meddlesome as ever, and it took a very severe lesson to cure her of her bad habit.

One day her brother Joe left his gun in the hall while he went into the kitchen for a drink of water.

"Don't touch that gun, Mattie," he said; "it is loaded."

Mattie was playing with her dolls by the hall door; but as soon as Joe went away she ran to the gun and stroked it with her hands.

She took hold of the gun and tried to lift it, but it was too heavy. It fell to the floor, and went off with a loud noise. And Mattie fell, too, shot through the knee.

It was many weeks before she could play out doors again, and then she had to walk with a crutch. But she had learned to let things alone. She was cured of her bad habit.—*Our Little Ones.*

Puppies' Bites.

The verdict of "Death from Hydrophobia," returned at an inquest held yesterday on the body of Thomas Jenkins, a boy of fourteen years of age, is a warning to persons who are in the habit of teasing puppies. The evidence showed that deceased "pointed at" a retriever of three months old (now dogs of all kinds hate to be pointed at), which thereupon snapped at him and caught his finger, "the skin of which was grazed." This was in September last; and on the 11th instant the boy showed symptoms of hydrophobia, and died in St. Mary's Hospital on Saturday last. It was stated in evidence that bites from puppies were "worse and more dangerous than from old dogs"—a fact, if it be a fact, by no means so generally known as it should be. If puppies' bites and scratches be more dangerous they are certainly far more common, especially if a "graze" of the skin can be called a bite, and it appears from yesterday's inquest that it is sufficient to induce hydrophobia.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—"There is progress in this country," says a New York paper. "A man may leave New York a plain Mr. At Cleveland he becomes an Esq. At Chicago the hotel register makes him a Major. The New Orleans papers make him a Colonel. But when he reaches Florida he becomes Hon."